The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

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THE SPIRIT'S BEST GIFTS.

WHITSUNDAY.

Would the Spirit more completely
Make abode with saints of old?
Would the Comforter more sweetly
Thy first lovers, Lord, enfold?
Wonders we may not inherit,
Signs and tongues we do not crave,
Yet we still receive the spirit—
Still the Comforter we have.

Still are given His gifts most precious,
Open lies His richest store;
We may win His grace most gracious,
We His deepest deep explore!
Signs most glorious, all excelling,
Witness brightest we may show,
Sure the Holy Ghost is dwelling
With the souls that holier grow.

Hope that makes ashamèd never,
Perfect Peace that passeth thought,
Mighty Joy that stayeth ever,
Love divine that changeth not,—
Such the gifts that still are given,
Such the glory we may boast;
Help us, Lord, to this pure Heaven,
Breathe on us the Holy Ghost

—*T. H Gill.*

THE HOPE OF THE HUMAN RACE.

Beyond all that we have yet attained, we may dimly discern the progress yet to be, and welcome for happier generations the time when a divine and universal sympathy will do its perfect work. Even now there are few of us but must have felt how variable are our powers to feel with others; how, for long periods, our hearts seem shut up in our own interests and pains; and how, again, they seem to open, we know not why, to a sense of the suffering of a friend, a child, a bird, or brute, so keen that it seems a revelation, and every other sorrow and pain we know of acquires new meaning in our eyes, and pierces us as a thorn in our own breasts. There are hours wherein we spontaneously long to do anything, or suffer anything which should mitigate the woes we have suddenly learned to perceive. And, again, there are times when the happiness of others is similarly near and dear to us, and we feel capable of sacrificing all our own joys to secure for them felicity here and beatitude hereafter. These oscillations of our emotions must surely point to a time in the future growth of humanity wherein that which is now rare shall be frequent, and that which is only occasional shall be habitual.

As the whole history of the past shows the gradual dropping away of the crude and cruel emotions of heteropathy and aversion, and the development of sympathy from its first small seed in the family till it has become the great tree of life which we behold, so, without indulging in Utopian dreams of human perfection, we may reasonably anticipate that the long progress will not stop at that precise step where we find it, but extend yet further indefinitely. As the men of old felt in rare hours of tenderness amid their ceaseless struggles, when "the earth was full of violence and cruel habitations," so the cultured amongst us feel habitually now. And, as we feel in our best and ten-

derest moments, so men in ages to come will likewise feel habitually.

Such gradual rising of the temperature of human sympathy, when it shall take place, will necessarily call into existence a whole new *flora* of kindly deeds and customs to cover the ground of life. Economists are forever looking to improve external organizations to better the conditions of all classes, and these have doubtless their significance and use. But what would be the introduction of the wisest, justest, most perfect political and social organizations which could be planned, compared to the elevation, even by a single degree, of the sense of universal brotherhood and of the kindly sympathies of man with man? Already we begin to feel that acts of beneficence are scarcely lawful, save when they come as from brother to brother, from the heart of the giver to the hand of the receiver. In the time to come it is not too much to hope that there will be far less than now of such ungenerous generosity as finds view in such phrases as "I have done my duty by him, and now I wash my hands of him." Less need even may there be for the deep-sighted Buddhist precept, "If a man cannot feel in charity with another, let him resolve on doing him a kindness, and then he will feel kindly."

And, finally, there seems faintly revealed above the mists wherein we dwell the lofty summits of an emotion transcending all that our race yet has experienced,—a sympathy which shall shine on the joys and melt with the sorrows, not only of the lovely, but of the unlovely, and thus make man at last "perfect as his Father in heaven, who makes his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." For eighteen centuries those words have rung in the ears of men; but who can boast he has fathomed their meaning or conceived any plan of life which could give them practical realization?

To do this thoroughly, to feel such genuine sympathy for the stupid, the mean-minded, the vicious, as to enable us to make for them the same sacrifices we should readily make for a beloved friend,—this is to reach the zenith of goodness which the world has idealized in Christ, but toward which scarcely an approximation has been practically made, even by the best of Christians.

What will mortal life be when men come to feel thus? It will be already the fulfilment of the best promise of heaven; for "he that liveth in love liveth in God, and God in him." Mankind will then be joined as in one great insurance against want and woe; and no misfortune will be unbearable to one, because it will be shared by all. So many hearts will rejoice with every innocent joy that men will live as in a room brightened all round with mirrors reflecting every light. So many hands will stretch forth to alleviate every pain and remove every burden and supply every want that, in the sweet sense of that kindly human love, even the heaviest sorrow will melt away like snow in the sunshine of spring.

Even our poor sympathies, such as they are now, are the source of all our purest joys. Pain and pleasure alike undergo a Rosicrucian transformation from lead to gold when they pass through the alembic of another's soul, and while the dreariest hell would be entire self-enwrapment, so the sweetest heaven would be to feel as God feels for every creature he has made. When we have advanced a little nearer to such divine sympathy, then it is obvious, also, that we shall be more capable of the supreme joy of divine love, and no longer find the harmony of communion forever broken by the discords of earth. He who will teach us how truly to love the unlovely will lead us into the land where our sun shall no more go down.

Such is, I believe, the great hope of the human race. It does not lie in the "progress of the intellect" or in the conquest of fresh powers over the realms of nature, not in the improvement of laws or the more harmonious adjustment of the relations of classes and states, not in the glories of art or the triumphs of science. All these things may, and doubtless will, adorn the better and happier ages of the future. But that which will truly constitute the blessedness of man will be the gradual dying out of his tiger passions, his cruelty and his selfishness, and the growth within him of the godlike faculty of love and self-sacrifice, the development of that holiest sympathy wherein all souls shall blend at last, like the tints of the rainbow which the seer beheld around the great white throne on high.—*Frances Power Cobbe, "Hopes of the Human Race."*

When He takes your work away and bids you no longer to do good and obedient things, but only to be good and obedient, surely that is not the death of faith. That may be faith's transfiguration.—*Phillips Brooks*

THE STILL HOUR.

"THE EARNEST OF THE SPIRIT."

Lord, if Thy gracious voice divine
One whisper sweet lets fall,
We know that Thou hast made us Thine,
That Thou hast given us all.

Oh, if the Lord Himself hath given,
All else we know must come,—
The shining thrones, the blissful heaven,
The everlasting home.

Lord, may not I these tidings hear?
These messages receive?
Assure my soul that she is dear—
To me the Spirit give.

Take all Thine other gifts away,
But do not Thou remove;
All things remain if with me stay
This earnest of Thy love.

—*T. H. Gill.*

THANKSGIVING FOR FRIENDS.

Father of the family of earth and heaven, I thank thee for the great share thou hast given to me of the joy of human affection. Hadst thou made me the inheritor of millions of gold and silver, and yet allowed no true heart to love me and denied to me the power of unselfish love, then were I a poor beggar, in comparison of what I am now. Thou hast given me friends worthy of my honor and my tenderness; thou hast permitted them to see me, faulty as I am, with kindly eyes of love; and thou hast not left my heart so cold but that I can recognize their goodness, and glory in their gifts, and love them tenderly and faithfully. Bless thou these friends whose souls thou hast knit with mine, O merciful Father, with all the riches of thy light and grace. Give to them the strength they need to overcome whatsoever temptations beset them. Take from them earthly care and anxiety, and teach them to rest their hearts on thee. Comfort them in sorrow and pain, and make their path through life and death like the light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day. And, O my God, while I love them and bless thee for their love, help me to be worthy of them, and to imitate the virtues for which I give them honor. Make their patience, their courage, their faith, their benevolence, their piety, and their unselfishness the rebuke of my failings. When I am discontented, let me think of ——; when faithless, of ——; when resentful, of ——; when selfishly thinking of myself alone, of ——. So make me at last not unfit to join these dear ones and the blessed band of all the good and wise, in that world which lies beyond the gates of death, where we shall all look into one another's inmost hearts, and know even as we are known.—"*Alone to the Alone,*" *Frances Power Cobbe.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[*Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.*]

OFFERS.

Will any one who would like to receive "Black Beauty" address Miss Langmaid, 71 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

Any one desiring school-books please apply to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.

The following books are offered by the Second Church Branch, Salem. Address Miss Decker, 4 Mt. Vernon Street, Salem. "A Man in Earnest," Rev. Robert Collyer; "Business Enterprise in Religion," Rev. Brooke Herford; "Athanasia; or, Foregleams of Immortality," Rev. E. H. Sears; "Ballads," Rudyard Kipling; "Donovan," Edna Lyall; "About Dogs," William G. Ingham; "Diseases of Dogs, and How to Feed Them," H. C. Glover, V.S.; "Christmas Carol, the Chimes," Dickens; "The Lady of the Lake," Scott; "For Pity's Sake. Dedicated to my Horse, my Dog, and my Cat," S. N. Carter; "Heroism of Huguenot Women," Narcisse Cyr; "The Right Use of Books," W. P. Atkinson; several years each of the following publications: *Teachers' Institute, Popular Educator, Teacher's World, The Primary School.*

REQUESTS.

[*Read directions at beginning of Book Club before writing.*]

Those who send offers and requests for the Book Club will do us a kindness by noting the following suggestions: 1. Please write very clearly. 2. Do not use a pencil. 3. Do not use contractions, especially names of States (as Cal. and Col. for California, Colorado). 4. Write on one side only of the paper. 5. Do not forget to give your full address. (The State is now and then omitted.) 6. Do not send matter for the Book Club to Miss Clarke, but to Mrs. Nichols, the Book Club Secretary.

Those who write to us for the first time must

send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. I am a very busy housekeeper with several children, and do not have a great deal of time for reading, but would greatly appreciate magazines of any sort, also some children's books,—Bible stories, such as "Peep of Day," or anything of the kind available. Mrs. W. N. Brodie, Holcombe Rock, Virginia.

2. Mrs. Alice Adkisson, Robert Lee, Texas, asks for "Pilgrim's Progress" or any good books, also anything that will instruct or amuse small children.

3. I am a young man striving for an education. My finances are meagre, and I shall appreciate any good reading matter that may be sent me. A. H. Nanney, Jr., Union Mills, North Carolina.

4. I am a teacher and would be glad if some of the Cheerful Letter friends would send me a teacher's Bible, to use in the Sunday-school work. Miss Frances L. Isbell, Blackstone, North Carolina.

5. Sarah Fairall, Grace, Kansas, will be glad to receive any magazines.

6. "William the Conqueror" is asked for by Clay Smith, Bazette, Texas.

7. I received your kind, friendly letter; should be ever so much pleased to get literature, sermons, or anything of that kind. I am an old woman, a widow many years. It's a lonesome country here, at least where I live. But God is here with me I feel his dear presence so often. I have no way or means of helping the causes I wish I could, for often I am in need myself, as we depend on farming, and I have only one son, and he is not well. I myself have had rheumatism and other difficulties. Yes, I should like to hear from the great outside world and its people. Oh, how kind and generous of you all! May God prosper the good cause. (Mrs.) Eleanor Bolton, Gandy, Logan County, Nebraska.

8. Mrs. Hettie Thomas, Peachland, North Carolina, asks for a dictionary.

9. White's "Pedagogy" is asked for by Miss Susan Rice, Highlands, North Carolina.

10. Mrs. Nanna C. Gordon, Lenora, Kansas, will be grateful for "Little Men," "Little Women," or Children's Bible Stories.

11. *Ladies' Home Journal, Housekeeper,* or *Housewife* for 1905 will be acceptable to Miss E. P. Worden, 1610 3d Street, Madison, Iowa.

12. J. H. Isbell, Blackstone, North Carolina, asks for number 48 of *Youth's Companion*, 1904.

13. Mrs. Ella Halstead, Ainsworth, Nebraska, asks for "Shirley," "St. Elmo," "Elsie Venner," "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," or "Lovey Mary."

14. I have several times asked for books. I have a large family and am not able to buy them. I live in the mountains, far from any town or railroad, and where there are lots of others who are not able to buy. I offered to lend books to the others if the kind friends would send them to me. I received several nice books and began to lend them out, get them back and lend again, so they go like a circulating library. There are so many wanting to borrow books that I thought I would get you to have another call for books printed in *The Cheerful Letter*. I will do as much good with them as I can. J. W. Phouts, Furches, North Carolina.

15. Minnie Triplett, Elkville, North Carolina, would like "Pilgrim's Progress."

16. Clyde Richardson, Beaver, Missouri, will be glad of any magazines or papers.

17. Dora Cooper, Grassy, Missouri, asks for magazines.

18. Mrs. Florence A. McCravey, Blairsville, Georgia, would like any light reading.

19. Miss Clara Winter, Waterville, Minnesota, would like "Faith Gartney's Girlhood" for her lending library.

20. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is asked for by Mrs. Ellen McNamar, Park Rapids, Minnesota; Mrs. J. E. Mercer, Stockport, Ohio; Mrs. Banner Michener, Chesterhill, Ohio; Lydia K. Spaulding, Yuma, Arizona; Lelia Moore, Moore's Mill, Virginia; and Clara Winter, Waterville, Minnesota.

The Editor would be glad to obtain copies of *The Cheerful Letter* for February, 1900.

They may be sent directly to Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

Mrs. Dora Rhodes, from Greeley, Colorado, to Ault, Colorado.

Mrs. Martin A. Craig to Mayodan, Rockingham County, North Carolina.

Mrs. Fannie E. Owens, to Montrose, Westmoreland County, Virginia.

Mr. R. J. Spaulding to R. F. D. No. 7, Athens, Tennessee.

Mrs. Burton Markworth to Dale, Texas.

Mr. L. H. Burne, from Salisbury, North Carolina, to Washington, D.C. Mr. Burne does not wish to receive any more literature.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

CARELESS CHILDREN.

II.

The Right Way.

Assuming that our readers have not forgotten the article in our last number, we will now suggest a practical method of meeting the difficulty.

This method may be modified by character, age, and circumstances; but the principle must be essentially the same, and we will consider the case described as a typical one.

When a young girl has been mismanaged for years, as related in our last number, the first thing to do is to bring about a better state of mind. What she needs is, by gentle and skilful handling, to be led to feel a *desire* to perform the little duties which she has been blamed for neglecting or forgetting. This is especially important if she has been worried and harassed into a discouraged or irritated condition of feeling.

Let the mother abstain, for a short time, from asking any services from her daughter. Then let her begin the new plan very cautiously, as follows:—

First, let her in every way (not too demonstratively) show a kind and sympathizing feeling for the young girl. This will open her heart and draw her into a happy relation with her mother. At last the mother may ask her daughter to do *her* some little service. She ought, however, to take care not to break suddenly and roughly upon her when she is occupied with something that interests her. It takes a formed character to bear interruption of this sort without impatience, and the mother's object *now* is to make sure of every step. She cannot afford to lose any ground But, watching for a good opportunity, she may say, "Dear, will you be kind enough to bring me my scissors from the work-basket in my room?" (N.B. I have seen mothers who thought courtesy to a daughter needless. To others they would speak gently in asking a favor. To a daughter, they say in sharp imperious tones: "Shut the door!" "Pick up that paper!" "Go upstairs and bring me my bonnet!" What wonder that a young girl feels no pleasure in waiting on a mother who *orders* her like a mistress and gives her no thanks?)

When the scissors are brought, let her say affectionately: "Thank you, my darling! What a comfort to have a daughter to save my tired feet!"

It is best for a time not to seek to do more than this. The mother can soon tell when the desire to help and save her is really established in her daughter's heart. Then she may take another step. She may say, "Can you stop and leave this note for me on the way to school?" not, observe, requiring her to carry in her head, with no reminder, errands to be done on the way *back* from school. Give the note into her hand just before she leaves the door. It will be scarcely possible to forget it, as she holds it in her hand during the next few minutes.

It is only necessary to continue these methods.

Go slowly. Take short steps. Do not blame. Take every opportunity of thanking for every service, and showing that you appreciate it.

This is the difference between carefully training a child to be thoughtful and helpful and blaming and punishing her for not having already acquired habits which you have not taken the trouble to teach her.

L. F. C.

NATURAL HISTORY.

BIRDS'-NESTS IN JUNE.

"Love the wood-rose, but leave it on its stalk," hints the poet. So, I say, find a bird's-nest, but touch not the eggs. It seems to profane the nest even to touch its contents with the utmost care. One June day I found the nest of the yellow-winged sparrow, —the sparrow one often hears in our fields and meadows, that has a song that suggests a grasshopper. I was sitting on the fence

that bounded a hill meadow, watching the horned larks, and hoping that one of them would disclose the locality of its nest. A few yards from me was a small bush, from the top of which a yellow-winged sparrow was sending out its feeble, stridulous song. Presently a little brown bird came out of of the meadow and alighted in the grass but a few yards from the singer. Instantly he flew to the spot, and I knew it was his mate. They seemed to have some conversation together there in the grass, when, in a moment or two, they separated, the male flitting to his perch on the bush and continuing his song, while the female disappeared quickly into the grass ten or more yards away. "The nest is there," I said, "and I must find it." So I walked straight to the spot where the bird had vanished and scrutinized the ground closely. Not seeing the object of my search, I dropped my handkerchief upon the grass, and began walking cautiously about it in circles, covering more and more ground, and scanning closely every foot of the meadow bottom. Suddenly, when I was four or five yards from my handkerchief, a little dark brown bird fluttered out almost from under my feet, and the pretty secret was mine.

The nest, made of dry grass and a few hairs, was sunk into the ground,—into the great, brownish-gray, undistinguishable meadow surface,—and held four speckled eggs. The mother bird fluttered through the grass, and tried, by feigning disablement, to lure me away from the spot. I had noticed that the male had ceased singing as soon as I began my search and had showed much uneasiness. He now joined the female, and two more agitated birds I had never seen. The actions of this bird are quick and nervous at all times, now they became almost frenzied. But I quickly withdrew and concealed myself behind the fence. After a brief consultation the birds withdrew also, and it was nearly a half-hour before they returned. Then the mother bird, after much feigning and flitting nervously about, dropped into the grass several yards from the nest. I fancied her approaching it in a cautious, circuitous, indirect way.

In the afternoon I came again, also the next day; but at no time did I find the male in song on his old perch. He seemed to take the blame of the accident upon himself. He had betrayed the locality of the nest; and now I found him upon the fence or upon an apple-tree far off, where his presence or his song would not give away the precious secret.

The male bird of almost every species is careful about being much in evidence very near the nest. You will generally find him in song along the rim of a large circle of which the nest is the centre. I have known poets to represent the bird singing upon its nest; but, if this ever happens, it is a very rare occurrence.—"*Far and Near*," *John Burroughs.*

THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

The second great practical question in which Lord Ashley took part this year was that of Emigration.

He first gave the clew to the sources of his information:*—

"Till very recently the few children that came under our notice in the streets and places of public traffic were considered to be chance vagrants, beggars, or pilferers, who, by a little exercise of magisterial authority, might be either extinguished or reformed. It has only of late been discovered that they constitute a numerous class, having habits, pursuits, feelings, customs, and interests of their own; living as a class, though shifting as individuals, in the same resorts; perpetuating and multiplying their filthy numbers. For the knowledge of these details we are mainly indebted to the London City Mission. It is owing to their deep, anxious, and constant research; it is owing to the zeal with which their agents have fathomed the recesses of human misery, and penetrated into places repulsive to every sense, moral and physical; it is owing to such exertions, aided by the piety, self-denial, and devotion of Sunday-school teachers, that we have advanced thus far. Certain excellent persons who gave their energies to Sabbath training were the first to observe these miserable outcasts, and, hoping, by the influence of the gospel, to effect some amendment, opened schools in destitute places, to which the children were invited, not coerced."

He stated that the numbers of this particular class—estimated at great trouble and on the best authority—exceeded 30,000, —naked, filthy, roaming, lawless, and deserted children, quite distinct from the ordinary poor.

He then described to the House the habits and dispositions of this wild race, their pur-

* Speech in the House of Commons, June 6, 1848.

suits, modes of livelihood, the character of their dwelling-places, and the natural history, as it were, of the species. He explained how 1,600 of these street Arabs had been placed under examination, and of these:

"162 confessed that they had been in prison not once, nor twice—many of them several times; 116 had run away from their homes, the result, in many instances, of ill-treatment; 170 slept in lodging-houses,—nests of every abomination that the mind of man can conceive; 253 confessed that they lived altogether by begging; 216 had neither shoes nor stockings; 280 had no caps, hats, bonnets, or head covering; 101 had no linen; 219 never slept in beds, many had no recollection of having ever tasted that luxury; 68 were the children of convicts; 125 had step-mothers, to whom may be traced much of the misery that drives the children of the poor to the commission of crime; 306 had lost either one or both parents, a large proportion having lost both.

"Many of them retire for the night, if they retire at all, to all manner of places,—under dry arches of bridges and viaducts, under porticos, sheds, and carts; to outhouses; in sawpits; on staircases; in the open air; and some in lodging-houses. Curious, indeed, is their mode of life. I recollect the case of a boy who, during the inclement season of last winter, passed the greater part of his nights in the iron roller of Regent's Park. He climbed every evening over the railings, and crept to his shelter, where he lay in comparative comfort. Human sympathy, however, prevails even in the poorest condition. He invited a companion less fortunate than himself, promising to 'let him into a good thing.' He did so, and it proved a more friendly act than many a similar undertaking in railway shares."

In describing the nature of the efforts which had been made to rescue these children from their evil habits and associations, he pointed out that there had been many plans proposed for dealing with them, such as the erection of schools (but this was not feasible, because there were no existing agencies by which they could be superintended or controlled), or the adoption of the "hospital system," and the erection of barracks for their reception; and the conclusion at which he had arrived was that, in the present aspect of affairs, there was nothing better than that the Ragged School system should be extended as much as possible.

"The system, however, must, as I have said, be stimulated; and the proposition which I make to the government is this: that the government should agree to take every year from these schools a number of children —say 1,000, 500 boys and the same number of girls—and transplant them at the public expense to Her Majesty's colonies in South Australia. When I make this proposition, of course I do not do so in a dictatorial manner; and, if the government only accede to it, they may vary it in detail precisely as they please. I mention South Australia because in that colony there is at this moment the greatest demand for labor. I propose, too, that the removal of the children to that colony shall be the reward of good conduct. . . .

"If you will hold out to these children as a reward of good conduct that which they desire,—a removal from scenes which it is painful to contemplate, to others where they can enjoy their existence,—you will make the children eager by good conduct to obtain such a boon. There are, be assured, amongst the children, guilty and disgusting as they are, many thousands who, if opportunities were given them, will walk in all the dignity of honest men and Christian citizens."

The grant of £1,500 and the contributions of friends put Lord Ashley in a position to set to work vigorously on the emigration scheme. Although he soon found himself crippled for want of adequate funds, he went heart and soul into the matter, and made the money go as far as possible.

There was never an effort attended with greater success, and we must anticipate a little by looking at some of the results. The children were carefully selected and specially trained, and each was impressed with the idea that he was to go forth as the representative of a large reserve. Before each detachment started, Lord Ashley visited them, and some of his farewell addresses on the eve of their departure are worthy of being written in letters of gold, so full are they of tender fatherliness and Christian love. Here is a specimen:—

"I see you now, my boys, probably for the last time. You are going to enter upon new connections. You are going to a land where much will depend upon yourselves as regards your future prosperity and success in life. The whole world is open to you. I believe you will be placed in circumstances where honesty will not fail to meet with its reward. I hope, when you are far away, you

will not forget those friends who have taken care of you here, and the instruction and advice you have received from time to time from those who have felt an interest in you, and that you will not forget what has been said to you to-night. I believe it will be a great help to remember not only what has been said, but the very countenances of those who have befriended you: let their presence be familiar to your recollection. Remember the faces of those who are here to-night. The remembrance may deter you in the time of temptation from doing that which would disgrace yourselves and bring discredit on them. Especially let me tell you working-boys that, however you may rise in society,—and there is no reason in the world why you should not rise,—you must still be working-men. Christianity is not a speculation: it is essentially practical. It is the only thing for your soul's health to be always at work. Remember this: you have something to do for others as well as for yourselves. You have a character to get, and you have a character to lose. You must not, by any misconduct of yours, bring disgrace upon those who have gone out before you. If you bring discredit upon them, you are injuring a whole class. Many of those lads who are now roaming about the streets, houseless and friendless, may yet be brought into this or similar institutions, may be helped or hindered in their future course by your conduct. If that should be such as would bring discredit upon yourselves and those who send you out, it may hinder their being sent as you are. If there is any one single thing which more than another tends to make a man feel great, it is that he is answerable for his own conduct to God and to society at large. You are going across the water. I have no doubt but we shall soon hear that you have got employment. Whatever your duty or circumstances may be, *never forget prayer*. You may rise to high stations: they are open to you there as here. Whatever success you may meet with in this world,—and we heartily wish you may meet with great success,—still, my lads, never forget the greatest ambition of the Christian is to be a citizen of that city whose builder and maker is God; and, though we may never meet together again on earth, may we all at last meet together there."

Testimony was borne in many, and sometimes unexpected, quarters as to the conduct and efficiency of the Ragged School boys who were sent out to the colonies.

It is recorded that a gentleman (Major E. J. Robinson), while travelling in Australia, observed that there were a number of young emigrants whose behavior presented a striking contrast to others of the same class. They were intelligent, industrious, and of uniform good conduct. On making inquiries, he was told that they were lads who had the knack of never getting into trouble. He accosted some of them. "Who are you, and where do you come from?" "Oh," said they, "we are Lord Ashley's boys." "Lord Ashley's boys?" "Yes, from the London Ragged School."

The gentleman knew nothing of those schools, but resolved that on his return to England he would take an opportunity of learning something of an institution that could send out such lads,—a resolution he carried into effect with great advantage to Ragged School work.

Captain Stanley Carr, on behalf of the Committee of Australia colonists, and himself a colonial proprietor, bore frequent testimony to the good conduct of the Ragged School boys. A magistrate in Portland Bay wrote to him, "I should be glad if you could procure for me some of Lord Ashley's lads." And again and again the request came from the colonies for more. The better they were known the better they were appreciated.

Many curious letters were sent by the young emigrants to those who had rescued them from their lives of misery and crime. Here is one as a specimen:—

January 15, 1851.

Lord Ashley and lady Charlotte sturt,—we rite these few lines to you hopeing that you are in good health as we ar at preasant we rite to you to let you no that the monney and interest you have taken in us to is the means of making us bright men, but before we was a pess to scity and more so to Newgate the house of Correction, for J. B. ad bin in gale over seven times on summery conviction and thre times for a trial every one looked on us theves and roges, but in this contry respected as gentlemen when we think of the harships that when threw [we went through] her it makes us cry kind friends do send F. and let im come to us I ham sure that he will de well but he never will in England, for his character is to fur gorn, do Lady and Gentleman try to send im to us, and if he [comes] we will pay ten dolers each fore him to come to us so has

he can recover his character as we ave done.

No more at preasant from your thankful and obedient friends

J. B. and J. W.

As an illustration of their low state of morality and their utter shamelessness, he instanced what had passed one evening at a Ragged School:—

"Fourteen or fifteen of these boys presented themselves one Sunday evening and sat down to the lessons; but, as the clock struck, they all rose and left, with the exception of one who lagged behind. The master took him by the arm, and said, 'You must remain: the lesson is not over.' The reply was, 'We must go to business.' The master inquired, 'What business?' 'Why, don't you see it's eight o'clock? We must go catch them as they come out of the chapels.'"

On another occasion he told a story of a city missionary, a kind and worthy man, who had endeared himself to the whole of a wretched district, and especially to the younger population.

One evening, having put on a new coat, he went about dusk, through a remote street, and was instantly marked as a quarry by one of these rapacious vagabonds. The urchin did not know him in his new attire, therefore, without hesitation, relieved his pockets of their contents. The missionary did not discover his loss, nor the boy his victim, until in his flight he had reached the end of the street. He then looked round and recognized in the distance his old friend and teacher. He ran back to him, breathless. "Hallo," said he, "is it you, Mr.? I didn't know you in your new coat. Here's your handkerchief for you!"—*Life of Lord Shaftesbury, by Hodder.*

LETTERS OF A SISTER.

To her Brother, James Freeman Clarke.

Winter of 1835–36.*

My dear James,—I was glad to get your letter from New Orleans, and wish much to hear how you succeeded at Mobile. I saw Mr. —— the other day, who seems much pleased with his Western piece of work and wants to go again. He seems to have no suspicion that he did not satisfy the people, though he mentioned that he did not find much to do, as the deacons closed the church in the afternoon as soon as he began to preach. I am glad Mr. Hosmer meets with a better reception. Mother writes eloquently in his praise, and indeed in dispraise of the other Unitarian clergy, whom she severely censures for their large salaries and idle habits. I think the half of her letter would make a good tract for the American Unitarian Association, and perhaps Mr. Briggs would publish it after squeezing out the essence.

Your last number of the *Messenger* is very fine, I think, full of sense and religion. What an able auxiliary you have in J. H. Perkins! He is a very fine writer, I think, and seems to have a wide scope and range of subjects. Margaret's article is beautiful, and just fit for the English *Foreign Quarterly.* She has come to Boston, she says, to place an interval between herself and the images of death and sickness and misery of Groton: it is only for a few weeks though. Miss Martineau has concluded to stay here another year. Dr. Channing is severely blamed in Boston for his book upon slavery, which, they say, is as injudicious as it is true. It seems to me that it is just the time for the great men to open their mouths and speak, but I don't know much about it. I got the book for you, and Mr. Rice promised to find an opportunity to send it; but he has not. So I must wait for Mr. Richardson, and then you will have read it, I suppose.

I hope you have received Mr. Greenwood's sermon, and that we shall soon have yours.

The last time I was in Boston I saw a new picture of Mr. Allston's, which is just answering to the description of the portrait in the "Genuine Portrait." I wish you could see it: it is a most lovely face, with somewhat of a Hebrew character:—

"Shadowy hair floats backward from an earnest face,
The features one expression bear," etc.

It is precisely that, and the supposition is that she is listening to some music of her future lover. The beauty is by no means of so severe a character as that of many other of his female figures. It is the size of life, and half the figure is seen. Mr. Allston invited a good many of his friends to come and see it, but arranged them in small parties, and told each party just at what hour on a certain day to come, that they might not interfere with each other. Then he recited his little poem to them while they looked at the pict-

*James was on a missionary journey at the South. Dr. Freeman died in the autumn of 1835. Some letters seem to have been lost, probably because sent by James to the other brothers who were then at the West

ure. Harriet H. said she had no idea that the verses were his own till she noticed how excited his features were while he was repeating it. With one of these select parties I was summoned to come; but unfortunately the invitation was intrusted to that faithless wretch, G. H., who forgot, or purposely deferred it, till the picture was taken to Boston. But I was much gratified with the honor of being remembered by Mr. Allston.

I have seen none of your friends lately. Mrs. Williams and her daughter were here yesterday. I saw Mr. Russel Sullivan, who supplies Mr. Pierpont's pulpit and lives somewhere in the country. He says Mr. Pierpont was much better when they last heard from him.

You see I still hold to painting as a resource, and now am enjoying an interval of leisure which is absolutely undisturbed. It is rather bad to be for one six months swallowed up in petty cares and another absolutely free. It requires more self-command than I have to keep the equilibrium, but perhaps in the end I shall find that this arrangement has done it for me: even perhaps that short period of intense anxiety and grief was not bad for me.* But it is very painful to feel the soul agitated to its very lowest depths. I am like that man in Mr. Peabody's poem, "whose thoughts and feelings ever slowly moved." I am reading a great many books this winter. Cousin's Plato, Dante, Jeremy Taylor's Life of Christ, besides the History of England and Waverley Novels that I am reading with Thomas.

I send you Mr. Martineau's Sermon.

To her Brother, Abraham F. Clarke.

Feb. 10, 1836.

My dear Abraham,—Last night at about nine o'clock a knocking, loud and rapid, was heard at our front door, which I with some misgiving opened, and admitted our mother, travel-worn and weary indeed. Her perils, hardships, and escapes might rival those of the traveller Munchausen, for she told of snowdrifts higher than steeples, and which did not melt away as soon as those of that adventurous voyager; of sleighs overturned, stuck, and missing; of railroads blocked up; of engineers with frozen feet and faces, and cars full of passengers left at a standstill on the road from night till morning. These things she tells of, not as curious and wonderful, but as daily haps. Through all this she has come and has no cough nor cold as yet, though sorely fatigued. Eight nights she passed without any sleep, and she is now trying to make it up; and in this somniferous atmosphere I have no doubt the account will soon be balanced. Last night, too, I got a letter from James, whose talk is all of love and roses, with the smallest possible leaven of theological matters. But that leaven is of so quickening a nature as may well leaven the whole lump. He mentions that Dean Palfrey is near, and I suppose he himself is released by this time, and can be returned to Louisville.

Mother desires to make honorable mention of the kindness of Mr. Butler, who did all that man might to mitigate the hardships of the road And when she left him at Philadelphia, he placed her under the care of Mr. Thomas Gray, a worthy merchant of Boston, who brought her safely to Newton Corner. At Baltimore she passed three days with the Smith Freemans, and was much comforted and refreshed by their hospitable kindness.

Mother tells me that the *Messenger* is to go to Louisville to be published henceforth. Wherefore tell James to remember this. Mr. Munroe says that the numbers should be put into the post-office, *separately*, directed to the subscribers, and then they will pay the postage and will be willing to do so, if they get their numbers regularly. Mr. Peabody has sent them in one bundle through the post-office to Mr. Munroe, and he had to pay the postage (four dollars a time) and he says the *Messenger* must pay that; for he can't go about with the postage bills, and, if he did, they would not be willing to pay them. Tell him also that Charles and Thomas Curtis have never had a number yet; and that Aunt Curtis has subscribed and must be attended to; and that he must write to Mr. Munroe who has paid and who not, for he says Mr. Shallagher won't answer his letters. I wish I were at Louisville, for I could help James by doing some of the drudgery of the magazine,—I mean copying and correcting the press. I do hope it will be better managed than hitherto.

Mother wants to write, so I bid you farewell. Yours,

SARAH.

*No doubt the time of Dr. Freeman s illness and death.

Patient, hopeful waiting is hard work when it is the only work possible to us in an emergency. But patient waiting is in its time the highest duty of a faithful soul. *H. Clay Trumbull.*

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Miss Kate L. Watson, Post-office Box 57, Worcester, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address *plainly* (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

1. At an evening party Mr. John Robinson stood on a chair, and imitated the crowing of a cock. What famous book did he illustrate?

2. His little sister Sara immediately jumped upon another chair, and did the same. What book did she illustrate?

3. A young man came into the parlor with a hoe in his hand. What book did he illustrate?

4. Some one proposed a game of backgammon. "I am very sorry," said the hostess, "but the dice are mislaid." What book did her apology illustrate?

5. A gentleman found the dice on a bracket, and presented them to the hostess. What book did she illustrate in taking them?

6. The maiden aunt of the family, a lady of uncertain age, claimed, with truth, that the dice belonged to her. What book did she illustrate?

II.

The following inscription is to be seen on the wall of an old English church, over a tablet on which the Ten Commandments are engraved. It is made perfectly intelligible by putting in the same vowel where it is needed between the consonants.

P R S V R Y P R F C T M N
V R K P T H S P R C P T S T N.

III.

An Old Riddle.

In a marble hall as white as milk,
With hangings rare of softest silk,
Within a fountain crystal clear,
A golden apple doth appear;
No doors there are to this stronghold,
Yet thieves break in and steal the gold.

IV.

Anagrams.

For the Cheerful Letter.

Double names of flowers.
The first is Sweet William.

1. I am Will E. West.
2. I remain, Guy V
3. E. N. owns pail.
4. Nice Plat.
5. Moses Ross.
6. Rob her, Bert.
7. Geo. Wren, Flora.
8. If — is delayed.

—*The Invalid Lady.*

V.

Conundrums.

1. How do farmers get the water into the watermelons?
2. Why is there no such thing as a whole day?
3. Why should you never write on an empty stomach?—*Every Other Sunday*

Answers to Puzzles in the May Number.

I. Words.
II. Canada.
III. A goose.
IV. Tobacco.
V 1. Balm, lamb. 2. Averse, a verse. 3 Is a belle, Isabelle.
VI. If you say that you do not know, you would be a pretty one to send for one. 2. The letter B. 3. The letter R.

MONTHLY REPORT.

The seventh regular meeting was held at 25 Beacon Street, on Friday, May 5, with Miss Clarke in the chair.

Thirty-one were present. Twenty-one branches responded to the roll-call.

The Secretary's and Treasurer's reports were read and approved.

Miss Brown reported 149 libraries in 24 States and Territories, distributed as follows: 26 libraries in North Caroline, 21 in Virginia, 15 in Texas, and 13 in New England. These are supported by 73 branches. Six new libraries were started in April, leaving 12 names on the waiting list.

The reports from the different branches showed that a large amount of literature, besides letters and postals, had been sent during the past year.

The First Parish, Brookline, sent 24 Bibles and 17 Testaments.

Mrs. C. W. Jones of the Second Parish, Brookline, described a visit to a correspondent at Ocean Park, California. Another correspondent met her at the station in San Antonio, Texas, and they spent a pleasant two hours together.

Mrs. Parker of the First Church, Boston, read an interesting and very grateful letter from one of her correspondents in Maine.

There being no further business, the meeting was adjourned at 12.10 o'clock.

FRANCIS B. FISHER,
Assistant Secretary.

We have just heard with regret of the death of Mrs. Viola V. Strother, Culpeper, Virginia. Will Mrs. Strother's correspondents please take notice.

PLEASE REMEMBER, WHEN YOU SEE A REQUEST FOR A BOOK IN THE BOOK CLUB, TO WRITE A CARD TO MRS. NICHOLS, ASKING, "*Shall* I SEND SUCH A BOOK TO SUCH A PERSON?" BEFORE SENDING IT, ELSE THE PERSON WHO REQUESTS IT MAY RECEIVE SEVERAL COPIES. WHEN ANY ONE WRITES DIRECTLY TO YOU, ASKING FOR A BOOK OFFERED BY YOU, SEND A CARD TO MRS. NICHOLS, SAYING THAT YOU *have* SENT IT. WHEN YOU RECEIVE MORE REQUESTS THAN YOU CAN MEET, SEND THESE TO THE BOOK CLUB.

Life is a book of which there can be but one edition. Let each day's actions, as they add their pages to the indestructible volume, be such as we shall be willing to have the assembled world read.

A gentleman living at the South says that, watching spiders on his piazza, he observed that they put out their webs at night; but that in the morning the webs were gone. After watching late and early, he saw a spider just after daylight deliberately wind up his web, pack it away in his mouth, and depart, just like fisherman taking away his nets.—*S. C. C.*

Any success you may achieve is not worth the having unless you fight for it. Whatever you win in life you must conquer by your own efforts, and then it is yours, a part of yourself.—*J. A. Garfield.*

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

All our members will be sorry to hear of the resignation of Miss Langmaid, our Secretary, to whom the society owes so much. In giving up her position as Secretary, Miss Langmaid still remains a member of the society, and, for the present, of the Committee. Please notice that the begging letters hitherto enclosed to Miss Langmaid by those who receive them are for the present to be sent to the Book Club Secretary, Mrs. Nichols.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of an instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable. Do not offer odd numbers of periodicals, but send them directly to one of the many stations where they are acceptable.

THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of our paper by addressing letters, asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who infringes this rule will be dropped from our list; and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by our Executive Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to our Book-Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols.

DIRECTIONS.

EDITOR,— Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY,— Miss Frances B. Fisher, 491 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

SECRETARY OF BOOK CLUB OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,— Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.

TREASURER OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,— Mrs. Charles T. Catlin, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks should be made payable to Mary Louise Catlin.

Subscriptions and renewals should be sent to the treasurer, also all changes of address and requests for discontinuance. The subscription is fifty cents a year. If subscribers do not receive the paper regularly, they are requested to notify Mrs. Catlin at once.

Those not able to subscribe for the paper, but desiring to receive it, may do so by writing to Mrs. Catlin, as above. Please give full name and address. Also send name of minister as reference. Some of our members take the paper in order to send it to those who are not able to subscribe for it.